

PERSHING SMILE BAFFLES SHARPSHOOTER CUPID AS RUMOR PICKS BRIDE, FOR "FASCINATING JACK"

Washington Society Wonders if A. E. F. Leader Really Went A-Wooing, but Mrs. Vanderbilt Won't Tell Nor Will Anne Gordon Nor Mrs. MacArthur

MAN WHO RULED U. S. ARMY WITH IRON HAND IS CALLED "CAPITAL'S BEST CATCH"

Stately Dowagers and Beautiful Debutantes Find Soldier Is Popular—Gay Dimple Brightens Up Stern Face of War Days

THEY call him the most fascinating figure in Washington. Handsome, debonair, retaining the spirit of youth despite tragedy and suffering and close-cropped iron-gray hair, he has few peers. In multi or khaki it is all the same. Afoot or mounted, it makes no difference. Dancing or attending a diplomatic dinner, his fascination never flags.

And that is why General John J. Pershing—Black Jack Pershing—interests the feminine portion of the Nation's capital. That, and another reason. The other reason is a secret. It must be whispered. It's this: "Why doesn't he marry?"

And—
"Who will it be?"

For, take it from any one of the "four hundred"—or is it four thousand, or forty—in the social stream, the slender-waisted soldier who commanded the A. E. F. and now runs the army in peace times is the best catch of them all. Only—he won't be caught! And thereby hangs the tale.

Let's go back. It's always well to have background in matters of this kind. It illuminates the present. Light streaming down the dusty corridors of time discloses episodes of other days. But let's not be led into devious byways. Of Pershing biographies there are any number. His life, his humble origin, his brilliant military career, are known to all who would know them. But the social Pershing is not; the Pershing personality is not; the Pershing smile is not; they are known to a limited few.

Learned to Dance Well in His West Point Days

West Point's hops are, as General Daves might say, embalmed in history. And they have nothing to do with the Eighteenth Amendment, pro or con. They are not that kind of hops. The West Point hops are the dances where the young buds of society meet the young buds of the army—and dance with them. Well—Pershing played the game. He always has. He always does. Wherever he's placed, he always will. And there he learned to dance.

And that, perhaps, explains his dancing today—that and a bodily vigor and ebullience of spirit which he owes to long years in the open, to consistent physical exercise and to a natural optimism. At any rate, Pershing dances, and dances well—better, in fact, than that. Wherefore, in part, his fascination.

But that's only part of the story. A small part. It goes deeper than that; beyond it. Pershing's attractiveness is built on the bedrock of personal magnetism and genuine "good looks," of which few men have more. These, coupled, of course, with the power of position, might account for his social sway. But "place" is not all of the story. There were times when he had no "place." And "good looks" are not all of the story. For many a failure is handsome!

It goes even deeper than that. For—

Pershing's Personality Is Wonderful Asset

"Pershing," they say, "has a way—"
They might sing of him as a popular balladist sang some years ago:
"It's not your nationality;
It's not your personality;
It's only you!"

For there is, be it said, but one Pershing.

It was shown in the Philippines, though Pershing was always popular. Like most of the youngsters turned out

at West Point about the time of the Philippine insurrection, Pershing was a hunter and beat. And he did his bit, and did it well. So well he was decorated by congress for heroism. But every one knows all that. What they don't know—as the old-timers in the army will tell you when the chief of staff is not around—is that Pershing's way with women was demonstrated even in the dim antiquity of that period.

Manila was beginning to recover from the effects of war. It had its social side. Now and then the troops came in for a rest; they ceased the dance of death with the Moros for partners, and danced on polished floors with the wives and daughters of the "army set," whichever follows the army. And Pershing played the game. Younger, he was, and handsome. And—Pershing had a way.

Those were his bachelor days. They were his fighting days. They were the days of his first social and military

conquests. It was there he earned his captaincy.

Then came the return to the States, an assignment to Washington, a courtship and marriage.

Marriage to Miss Warren Was Noted Social Event

It was seventeen years ago that Captain J. Pershing, of the Fifteenth United States Cavalry, wooed and won the daughter of a Senator. Moreover, the daughter of Senator Francis B. Warren, from the State of Wyoming, chairman of the Military Affairs Committee of the Senate.

His bride, a Wellesley graduate, class of 1903, was one of the capital's most charming young women. Her marriage to Pershing was one of the most notable social events of the Roosevelt Administration. The Senate met an hour earlier than usual so its members might attend. President and Mrs. Roosevelt occupied a front pew. There were more than 1000 guests at the wedding reception. The ushers were twelve high officers of the army and navy.

When it was all over Captain Pershing, who had been appointed military attaché to the Japanese Embassy, took his bride to Tokio on their honeymoon. He was later appointed aide to the late Senator Knox, of Pennsylvania, when Knox was sent to Japan as special Ambassador at the funeral of the Japanese Emperor, and in the absence of Mr. Knox, represented the United States at the funeral of General Nogi and his wife, after their hara-kiri following the death of the Emperor.

How he later returned to the States, was jumped from captain to brigadier general over the heads of 862 ranking officers, how Congress and the country clamored and criticized, how Roosevelt tried to settle it all by pointing to Pershing's distinguished military career, is all past history. But the storm blew over, the Pershings settled down and later went to the Pacific Coast.

Nine years passed and Pershing was on the Mexican border. There one night came word over the wires that Mrs. Pershing and three of their four children—Helen Elizabeth, Anne and Mary Margaret—had perished in a fire which swept the Presidio, overlooking the Golden Gate and San Francisco harbor. It was a blow that stunned him, saddened him and left him about the eyes and cheekbone and jaw that time will never efface.

Tragedy Drove Smile From the Pershing Face

That was in 1915. A sobered Pershing came back to his border assignment. They called him a martinet. He was the kind of a disciplinarian who marched men for hours in a blinding sun in parade formation. That Pershing seldom smiled.

Two years later—the World War—and the rest is recent history.

Another two years—and peace—and the rest more recent yet.

So Pershing, now general of the armies of the United States, came back to Washington, wound up the affairs of the A. E. F., became chief of staff of the army and settled down again. And again have come social conquests, to cap a great career.

It is these in which Washington is interested, as it watches the play of hearts.

Another word and then to the other characters: Pershing has mellowed since the war. His face has lost its leathery tan, and with the tan has gone a certain grimness manifest about the mouth; a certain fixed coldness about the eyes; the harsh lines are softening under the warmth of Washington's social atmosphere. His cheeks—one cheek—even has a dimple. It might be a furrow, but isn't. They call it fascinating. He smiles often, and the straight, trim, military Pershing remains; but the "hard" Pershing has become a social creature; the dinner-out; the Pershing of dinner clothes. Fascinating? Rather!

And now to Pershing the beau. That is quite the proper term! Beau Brummel—a military Beau Brummel, if you can imagine it. A dashing figure, with the manners of a diplomat, a charming conversationalist, a world breadth of



The "Pershing Dimple" that has captivated Washington society shown as the General enjoys himself at a charity bazaar

experience and knowledge, a man who has played the game in three world capitals, one combining the ways of Washington with the polish of Paris, Pershing is—Pershing! There is none other like him.

Why shouldn't they flock to him? They should and do. That is the answer.

Dowager and Debutante Lay Siege to Warrior

Dowager and debutante, the winter and spring of the incomparable sex, they circle about him as the seasons roll in their regular cycle; as unmitigated social events of the Roosevelt Administration. The Senate met an hour earlier than usual so its members might attend. President and Mrs. Roosevelt occupied a front pew. There were more than 1000 guests at the wedding reception. The ushers were twelve high officers of the army and navy.

"Hobson's choice," could never be compared to "Pershing's choice." If he would only choose! But he won't. Oh, hasn't. Why?

Mrs. Corbin was the first—Mrs. Henry C. Corbin, of Washington. Her husband was on Pershing's staff in France. They were close friends. Corbin died before they returned. His widow mourned him here.

When Pershing came home he looked her up. She was in mourning, and didn't go out. But they saw each other frequently. So frequently, in fact, that the capital began to surmise a real romance. The commander marries the widow of his friend and aide. An army match. Splendid! Only—
It never happened.

There was no marriage, no engage-

known overseas. Marshal Foch came over. Also other military heroes. It was up to Pershing to play the game, and he played it as he always plays it—according to the rules.

At the end of a year or so, when the rush of entertaining was over, when the capital had ceased feting him and being feted in return, singling him out as the hour's hero, Pershing gave up "Highview" and moved into town. He has an apartment now. What entertaining he does is done in the hotels and cafes. He has no need of a house. The present arrangement is better.

And with the surrender of "Highview" the gossip sighed and concluded to look elsewhere for their romance.

Gossips Had Their Say, But Again Were Wrong

Next? You'd never guess. Yes—perhaps you would. Yes—you're right. None other! Louise Cromwell Brooks! Beautiful, vivacious, a picture, combining brains and beauty. Daughter of Mrs. E. T. Stotesbury, of Philadelphia, widowed and wealthy; her name was the next to be mentioned with that of the great commander.

When Mrs. Brooks went to Paris in

engaged. This time it was to Mrs. George Vanderbilt. Yes—one of THE Vanderbilts, than whom there is none higher in America's social scale.

One naturally turns to superlatives in describing her. She is very vivacious, quite charming, and all that. She, too, is beautiful. She is the smartest of the smart, as any one will tell you. The creme de la creme of capital society, equally well known in New York or Newport. Mrs. Vanderbilt herself represented—so gossip said—a catch worthy of a Pershing.

She gives delightful parties, entertaining very extensively. And she is ardently courted!

A diversion here. It's worth it: One of the men who proposed to her, a diplomatic attaché of one of the embassies, proposed to four consecutive women on four consecutive evenings. How others learned of it is known only to a select few. Perhaps they got together and compared notes. At any rate, they all turned him down.

Mrs. Barnett. At least she is the daughter of Mrs. Barnett, who, before her marriage to the former commander-in-chief of the Marine Corps, was Mrs. Basil Gordon, of Baltimore. Mrs. Barnett, her mother, is a flaming meteor of Washington society. She has dined with her witty shafts home into sensitive Cabinet members. For which, they say, she was exiled and her husband sent to the Pacific Coast. But he that as it may, Anne is her mother's daughter, with all that statement implies.

And Pershing? Well—he liked her! Anne Gordon is twenty-two, or thereabouts. She came out three years ago. Since then she has alternated between the capital and her mother's estate in Virginia. Naturally she came in contact with General Pershing in Washington.

Came summer. High naval officials sailed for Japan. General Barnett, Mrs. Barnett and Anne sailed with them. And—
Pershing stayed behind. The gossips gave up in despair.

Alas! Fair Charmers All Far Away From Capital

So Mrs. Vanderbilt is in Baltimore; Anne Gordon is in Tokio; Mrs. Brooks



General J. J. Pershing



Anne Gordon, stepdaughter of General Barnett, U. S. M. C., to whom "Black Jack" was unusually attentive until she sailed to Japan



Mrs. H. C. Corbin, once thought to be a future Mrs. Pershing



Mrs. George W. Vanderbilt, who numbered "Black Jack" as one of her beaux

1910 to complete her divorce arrangements, the attentions paid her by General Pershing caused tongues to wag both there and here at home. It was an international affair. The leader of America's military forces and the pretty divorcee were constantly in one another's company, and those who professed better than passing knowledge hinted that matrimony would once more figure in two notable lives. At that time General Pershing was rated No. 1 in a select group of ardent suitors.

With the return of Pershing to the United States Mrs. Brooks established herself in her beautiful home on Massachusetts avenue, Washington, and gossiped again began to associate the continuous round of social gaieties, in which she and Pershing played a part.

But—
They didn't ring for Pershing. There were other suitors. A Senator was one of them and Pershing's former aide another. And as you of course know, Mrs. Brooks is now Mrs. Douglas MacArthur, wife of the superintendent of the United States Military Academy at West Point. And Pershing is single, still.

It was last winter they said he was

which left Mrs. Vanderbilt free, it may be said, to consider Pershing.

Did Pershing propose? Embarrassing question! One never knows those things. But—
Last winter certain interested persons in Washington took the trouble to check up on the romance. They learned Pershing was dropping in about three or four nights a week. It was obvious he was welcomed. It was equally obvious there was no compulsion about his calls! The wedding bells again were heard in the distance, coming nearer—nearer—nearer.

Wedding Bells Still Silent for "Black Jack"

And then? Well, spring came, and with it the calls became less frequent.

Then Mrs. Vanderbilt closed her K street house and went down to the Baltimore estate, her country place in North Carolina.

is now Mrs. MacArthur, and Pershing is sweetening in Washington, trying to unravel the miles and miles of red tape which enmesh the peacetime army, preferring this to marriage.

And any number of dowagers and debutantes, matrons and dappers, widows and what-nots sigh—and sigh—and sigh!

But Pershing has not always been a social lion. His two-fisted army days came first. Major General Nelson A. Miles highly commended him in his first year out from West Point, for "marching troop and pack train, over rough country, 140 miles in forty-six hours, bringing in every man and animal in good condition."

That was the official report. There is another one, which was told with great gusto in barracks over the country. This is the way an officer in a position to know has told it.
"Pershing was the only officer with the troop, which was something unusual in those rough-and-ready frontier days. Under him were a number of seasoned campaigners, accustomed to taking orders from older men than

aid off his horse, and turning to two companions, remarked:

"That blankety-blank shavetail is marching us too fast. I don't like him anyhow. If it wasn't for his shoulder straps I'd smash his mug for him."

"The others agreed, and said he was deserving of having his mug smashed, Pershing overheard them. Calmly taking off his coat, hearing the shoulder straps of a lieutenant, he walked over to the bully and said:

"Now, the straps are off, come ahead. And Pershing, who stands six feet and more, and was an expert boxer to boot, squared off as a prize-fighter would.

Took Off Shoulder Straps and Tamed Army Bully

"The bully hesitated a minute. Such procedure—an officer offering to fight with a private—was unheard of, and strictly forbidden in the army code.

"Come ahead, there'll be no report on this." And the private went ahead, and was knocked flat. The turn of the other two soldiers came next, and they, too, were thrashed. From that time on Pershing was held in high esteem by the troop.

Although the Pershing smile is famous, he will fly off the handle like any one else. Three things will cause this, stupidity, carelessness and disobedience. Army contractors have experienced his anger, when they have been guilty of failure to live up to their contracts, and more than once their complaints have been carried to Washington.

Yet at the time of his promotion over the heads of 862 officers Pershing held his temper in check under the attacks made upon him. A certain clique in the army bitterly opposed his promotion from captain to brigadier general. A particularly nasty bit of scandal was manufactured for President Roosevelt in

a desperate effort to have the promotion held up.

Pershing did not attempt to answer the charges. Secure in his innocence, he went about his duties as imperturbable as ever. A Manila newspaper printed the story. American newspapers printed it. There was a country-wide uproar. But Pershing's friends trucked the stories down to their source and proved them to be absolutely groundless.

Doesn't Play Favorites With Officers or Men

An idea of the manner in which Pershing is regarded by his men is given in many an army story. He is a strict disciplinarian, but he is just, and knows no favorites, either among officers or men. The comfort and welfare of his men is always his first thought, and it is this fact that has made him so well beloved by the rank and file of every command he has ever led.

At Camp Vicks, in the Philippines, the great problem was that of pure water. There were good springs some distance away, and General Pershing sent for Sergeant Tom McGill, an artilleryman, who was also an inventive genius. The two talked over the problem, and as a result there came into existence what was at that time believed to be the only bamboo pipe line in the world.

Big bamboo sticks were cut, and the men were set to work chiseling out the joints. Then McGill laid the line which was several miles long, and ran from Lake Lanas to Camp Vicks. To this day the army remembers Sergeant McGill as "Gutting Tom, the bamboo plumber."

High place has its disadvantages, as shown upon a visit of General Pershing to Atlantic City last April. He arrived with his aide, Lieutenant J. T. Schneider, at eleven and two valets. They motored from Washington.

The general had been suffering from a severe cold and went to the Seaview Golf Club to recuperate. He was, however, recognized by several persons, the word was passed around, and he was obliged to shut his eyes because of the annoyance this caused.

Pershing is not a Hobson. When he arrived back in New York from France the enthusiasm of the spectators found vent in one unwholesome incident, which was received by General Pershing with apparently mixed feelings.

As he entered the City Hall, upon the occasion of the official reception, flanked by Governor Smith and Mayor Hylan, a woman burst past the police guards and implanted a kiss on his cheek.

Another woman, stirred to emulation, attempted to repeat the feat, but the general raised his hand in supplication. "Oh, madame," he said, "don't—not that!"

Pershing. They resented his show of authority, especially as he was then a "shavetail," which means a second lieutenant.
"Pershing had stopped the troop to rest at nightfall, after having marched them at a terrific rate the entire day—and I guess his stops had been few and far between. The bully of the troop